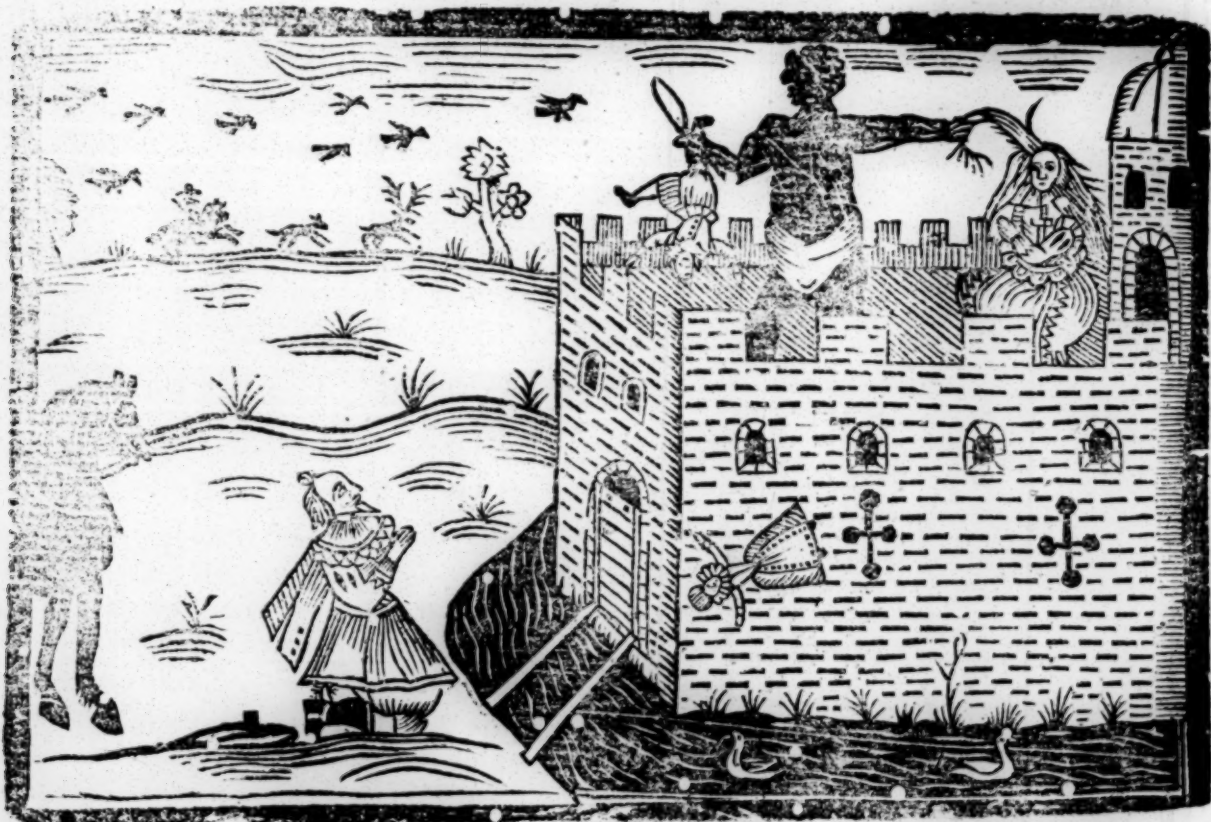


# A Lamentable ballad of the tragical end of a Gallant Lord, and a

Vertuous Lady, with the untimely end of their two children, wickedly performed by a Heathenish Blackamoor their servant, the like never heard of before.

To the tune of,

The Ladies fall.



I Rome a Noble man did wed  
a Virgin of great fame,  
his fair Creature never did  
Dance & dance ever frame,  
By whom he had two children fair,  
whose beauty did excell,  
They were their Parents only joy  
they lov'd them both so well,

This Lord belov'd to hunt the Buck  
the Tiger and the Bear,  
And still for swiftness alwayes took  
with him a Blackamoor.  
Which Blackamoor within the wood  
his Lord he did offend,  
For which he did him then correct  
in hope he would amend.

The day it grew unto an end,  
then homeward he did hie  
where with his Lady he did rest  
until the night was past,  
Then in the morning he did rise,  
and did his servants call,  
A hunting he provided to go  
straight they were ready all,

Cause of the toyl his Lady did  
intreat him not to go,  
Alas good Lady then quoth he;  
why art thou grieved so?  
Content thy self I will return  
with speed to thee again,

Good Father quoth the little Babes,  
with us here still remain.

Farewell dear children, I will go  
a fine thing you to buy.  
But they therewith nothing content  
aloud began to cry.  
The Mother takes them by the hand,  
saying, come go with me,  
Unto the highest tower where  
your Father you shall see.

The Blackamoor perceiving now  
who then did stay behind,  
his Lord to be a hunting gone  
began to call to mind;  
By what he did me correct,  
my fault not being great;  
Now of his wife he be reveng'd  
he shall not me intreat.

The place was noted round about,  
the Bridge he up did draw:  
The Gates he bolted very fast  
of none in flood in awe.  
He up into the tower went  
the Lady being there,  
who when she saw his countenance  
she straight began to fear.

But now my trembling heart it  
to think what I must write;  
My senses all begin to fail

my soul it doth affright.  
Yet must I make an end of this  
which here I have begun:  
Which will make sad the hardest  
before that I have done. (heart)

This wretch unto the Lady went  
and her with speed did tell,  
His lust forthwith to satisfy  
his mind so to fulfill.  
The Lady she amazed was  
to hear the villain speak,  
Alas quoth she what shall I do  
with grief my heart with break?

With that he took her in his arms  
she straight for help did cry,  
Content your self Lady he said  
your Husband is not nigh. (end)  
The bridge is drawn, the gates are  
therefore come I pray with me,  
Or else I do protest and vow  
thy Butcher I will be.

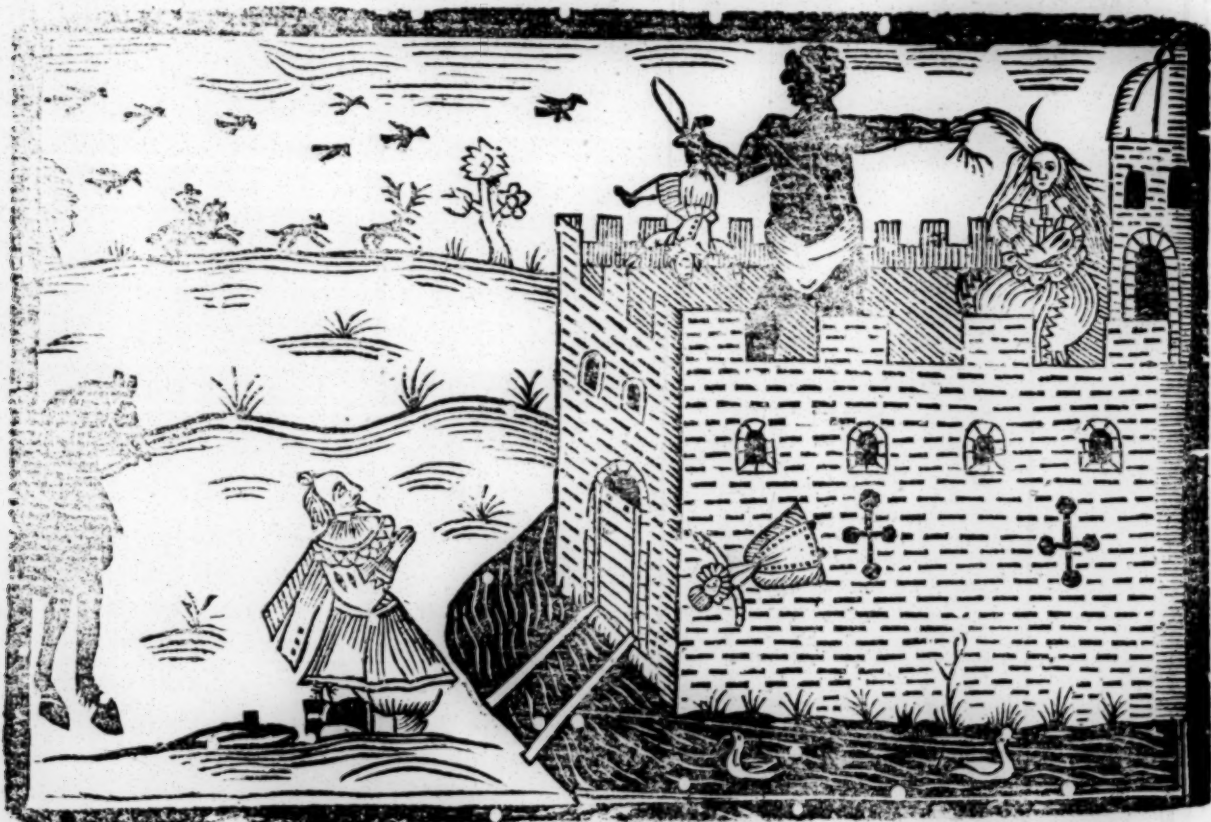
The Crystal tears ran down her,  
her children cryd amain: (face)  
And sought to help their Mother dear  
but all it was in vain.  
For that outrageous filthy Rogue,  
her hands behind her bound,  
And then perforce with all his might,  
he threw her on the ground.

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## The second part      to the same tune.

**W**ith that she shriekt, her children  
and such a noise did make, (cryd  
The town-folks bearing her laments,  
did seek their parts to take.

But all in vain no way they found,  
to help the Ladies need.

Who cryd to them most pitiously  
O help, O help with speed.

Some ran unto the Forrest wide,  
her Lord home for to call,

And they that stood his dolament  
this gallant Ladies fall.

With speed her Lord came posting  
he could not enter in, (home

His Ladies cries did pierce his heart,  
to call he did begin.

O hold thy hand thou Savage Power,  
to hurt her do forbear.

O else be sure if I do live  
wild horses shall the tear :

With that the Rogue ran to the wall,  
he having had his will.

And brought one child under his arm  
his dearest blood to spill.

The child seeing his Father there  
to him for help did call,

O Father help my Mother dear  
we shall be killed all.

Then fell the Lord upon his knee,  
and did the Power intreat,

To save the life of his poor child,  
whose fear as then was great,

But this vile wretch the little child,  
by both the hairs did take.

And dash the byrns against the wall,  
whilst Parents heart did ache.

What being done straightway he ran  
the other child to fetch.

And pluckt it from the Mothers breast,  
most like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought  
the child within another,

And holding it o'er the wall,  
saying, thus says shall thy Mother:

With that he cut the throat of it,  
then to the Father did call,

To look how he the head had cut  
then down the head did fall.

This bone, he threw it down the wall,  
into the Pits so deep, (hands

Which made his Father wring his  
and grievously to weep.

Then to the Lady went this Rogue,  
who was near dead with fear,  
Pet this vile wretch most cruelly  
did drag her by the hair.

And drew her to the very wall  
which when her Lord did see

Then presently he cryed out,  
and fell upon his knee.

Quoth he if thou wilt save her life  
whom I do love so dear,

I will forgive thee all is past,  
though they concern me near,

O save her life I thee beseech,  
O save her I thee pray!

And I will give thee what thou wilt  
demand of me this day.

Well quoth the Power I do regard  
the moan that thou dost make,

If thou wilt grant me what I ask  
I'll save her for thy sake.

O save her life and then demand  
of me what thing thou wilt,

Cut off thy nose and not one drop  
of her blood shall be spilt.

With that the Lord presently took  
a knife within his hand,

And then his nose he quite cut off  
in place where he did stand,

So have I bought my Ladies life,  
then to the Power did call.

Then take her quoth this wicked rogue  
and down he let her fall.

Which when her gallant Lord did see,  
his senses all did fall

Pet many sought to save her life  
but nothing would prevail.

When as the Power did see him dead,  
then did he laugh again,

At them who for their gallant Lord  
and Lady did complain.

Quoth he I know you'll torture me  
if that you can me get,

But all your threats I do not fear  
nor yet regard one whit.

Wild horses shall my body tear,  
I know it to be true,

But I'll prevent you of that pain  
and down himself he threw,

Too good a death for such a wretch  
a Villain bold of fear,

And thus doth end as sad a tale  
as ever man did hear.

Finis